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Apocalypse



dystopia

apocalypse

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Chapter 1 by Theo

This journal, the only outlet to humanity in this broken evil world I live in is the only outlet to peace of mind for me. My name, Roger J. Combs means nothing now. I live during the apocalypse, a horrible thought, and a horrible world. Many things led to this way of life, WW3, the stock market crashed, sounds like it would lead to another great depression, but no. It led to this. Since it started many factions have banded and disbanded, many have died, almost every insane thing has been done, but I, I'm lucky, I've survived I am one of a just a handful more of the surviving first generation, the people who were alive before it started. I was just a young kid then but now im 31 years old, still strong. 'been factionless for ages but now as i get older i'm thinking joining one might have a better chance of survival, finding an allience is easy, getting in one isn't. I pack up everything i've got so far:

- old drawstring bag
- hatchet
- can of beans
- lighter
- knife

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